

Children's Newspaper

Every Wednesday—Threepence

FOUNDED BY ARTHUR MEE

No. 1982, March 16 1957

HE WENT IN SEARCH OF A DRAGON

Why David Attenborough decided to stop studying fossils

Until Zoo Quest was introduced, animal programmes on television fell into two classes: the viewer either saw films, or live broadcasts of animals in the unfamiliar surroundings of a television studio.

Zoo Quest successfully combines these two methods; a creature is first filmed in its natural surroundings and then brought back for a live performance from the studio. The man responsible for this new-style programme is David Attenborough, who was interviewed the other day by a CN correspondent.

DAVID ATTENBOROUGH has always been interested in natural history. As a boy he kept snakes, tree frogs, and tropical fish, and spent many weekends searching for fossils in the ironstone quarries of Leicestershire.

He began to specialise in fossils and originally intended to devote his career to them.

"Fossils," he says, "are the labels for geology. Apart from the story they tell of the earth before history, they play a useful and important part in the development of the twentieth century. The study of fossils brought up from the different layers of the earth's surface tells you, for instance, where to sink mine shafts, or where to bore for oil."

MISSING FOR 70 YEARS

National Service in the Navy brought a temporary halt to David Attenborough's career, but afterwards he began the laborious task of learning drawerful after drawerful of fossil types.

Then one day he drew out a drawer that contained no fossils, but a slip of paper which read: "Specimens removed for special study. J. G. H., 1877."

The fact that the fossils had been taken away all those years ago and had never been missed was, too much for him. He decided to leave fossils to lie undisturbed,

and to concentrate on something more lively.

A job as television talks producer gave him the chance of combining his interest in natural history in his plan for Zoo Quest.

From the start this new programme was one of the most successful of the BBC's television broadcasts. A near-record number of viewers tuned in to watch David Attenborough and cameraman Charles Lagus searching for unusual creatures and then displaying them in the studios.

THE RARE PICATHARTES

In co-operation with the London Zoo, who were particularly interested in finding a very rare bird known as the yellow-headed Picathartes, a joint expedition to West Africa was launched in 1954.

His most exciting moment of that adventure is no thrilling escape from attack by a wild animal, but the success in filming and bringing back the hitherto unphotographed Picathartes.

A nest, the size of a swallow's, was found on a boulder in deep scrub. One bare patch in the trees allowed sufficient light from the morning sun to make photography possible for about three hours a day. A hide was built for the camera, and then the party settled down to a routine of a daily three-hour march before dawn from the camp site, and another three-hour vigil in the hide.

The expedition to West Africa was followed by a trip to British Guiana in 1955, and last autumn to Indonesia, where he obtained films of the fabulous Komodo dragons, the huge lizards which grow to a length of over 12 feet, and are found only in the little island of Komodo.

David Attenborough is planning another Zoo Quest this spring.



LOOK BEFORE YOU TAP

Hippos regularly make their way into a dairy farm at Port Bell, a town on Lake Victoria, Uganda, and spend the night sleeping alongside the cattle there.

An African herdsman employed on the farm got a shock very early one morning when he went out into the fields to bring in the cattle for milking. In the poor light he mistook a hippo for a cow and tapped it with a stick to wake it up.

The hippo charged him and knocked him down. But the herdsman jumped up, and at that the hippo turned tail and galloped into Lake Victoria.

Doubtless, that herdsman next time will look more closely at an animal before he decides to tap it.

Time for music

Thanks to the work of Carl Dolmetsch (see page 5) the recorder, or English Flute, is now played by tens of thousands of enthusiasts of all ages. The instrument is made in five sizes, the smallest and highest in tone being the soprano. Next comes the descant, the type being played here by John Dunster, of Dulwich, who belongs to a recorder band.

HUNGARIAN IN THE HOME

Not many English people study Hungarian, but 18-year-old David Brace of Bristol has been having a go at it to help a refugee lad, Tibor Torak, who has been staying at his home.

To help in learning his guest's language, David writes letters to Tibor with the aid of an English-Hungarian dictionary.

Tibor, who carries a bayonet scar as a memento of his part in the rebellion, worked in a grocer's

shop in Budapest, and has since obtained a job at a Bristol grocer's. He can read English better than he can speak it, and spends his evenings poring over grocery orders and getting to know the names of customers.

He is also anxious to learn the laws of football, and David is doing his best to teach him.

One game they play together presents no language difficulties—draughts.



David Attenborough introduces a young friend to a Cappybara, a giant guinea-pig



Lined up for their job

Policewomen at the training centre near Warrington, Lanes., do a 13-week course alongside the men. The first requirement for their new job is smartness and this squad certainly achieved a fine turnout.

Gateways of Youth at Guildford

From a Correspondent

The Children's Chapel in Guildford's new cathedral now has beautiful gates presented by Guides and Scouts of West Surrey.

Designed by Sir Edward Maufe, the architect of the cathedral, the gates bear the Guide and Scout badges. The Scout gates bear the inscription: The Scouts of Surrey gave this entrance as a memorial of their brother Scouts departed 1907-1957.

Across the top of the Guide gates are the words: Do all at the glory of God. Below, as Sir Edward Maufe explained to me, are symbols representing the forked flames of the Holy Spirit, to which the cathedral is dedicated, and above the gate in the centre are wavy lines (to denote water), and the flowering staff of St. Christopher—an appropriate saint for a cathedral close to the old Pilgrim's Way to Canterbury.

At the dedication service, the Bishop of Guildford said that he looked forward to the day when the whole cathedral would be packed with Guides for a great service.

GOOD TURN BALLOONS

As part of the Baden-Powell celebrations, Edinburgh Girl Guides released balloons carrying labels with their names and addresses from the top of Arthur's Seat, the famous hill which dominates Scotland's capital.

Anyone finding a balloon could write to the Guide whose name was attached to have a good turn performed.

HEAVY READING

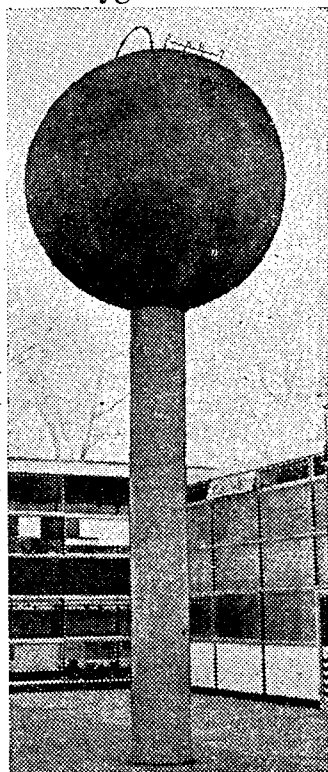
The price of the New York Times Sunday edition is now 2s. 6d. It weighs 4 lb.

SEAGULLS FAR FROM HOME

In bad weather seagulls often come inland, but in Australia they have set up something of a record by flying 150 miles in from the Victorian coast. And they have been most unwelcome visitors, for, ravenous after their flight, they have been swooping on poultry runs and eating chicks.

Farmers have covered their runs with wire netting, and the thwarted seagulls have taken to following ploughmen and eating the insects and worms they turn up—a meal no one begrudges them.

Playground ball



A new primary school recently opened by the Minister of Health at South Kensington, London, has this strange object in the playground. It is a water tank.

Parliament's Clerks

By the CN Political Correspondent

"THE Clerk will now proceed to read the Orders of the Day." In this ancient formula the Speaker each day opens the set business of the Commons after Question Hour.

Upon these words being uttered from the Chair, the Clerk of the Commons, sitting with two other Clerks just in front of the Speaker, briefly announces the type of business. That is the signal for our M.P.s to start a debate.

Who is the Clerk of the Commons and what does he do? The present holder of this office is Sir Edward Fellowes.

ANCIENT OFFICE

Officially Sir Edward's title is "Under Clerk of the Parliaments to attend upon the Commons." That is to distinguish him from his equivalent in the Lords, the Clerk of the Parliaments (who also has two colleagues, the Clerk Assistant and the Reading Clerk).

Clerk of the Commons is an office of great antiquity. It is not less old than the Speakership, which dates back to 1384.

The Queen appoints the Clerk for life on the Prime Minister's advice. As a rule the Clerk Assistant succeeds him. All the Clerks in both Houses are distinguished Parliamentary lawyers.

Perhaps the Clerk's most picturesque duty is when a Speaker is to be elected. He is in charge of this ceremony, which consists of speeches, proposing, seconding, and approving the choice of Speaker.

CANNOT SPEAK

But the Clerk, unlike a Speaker, is not an M.P. and cannot speak in the House. Apart from "reading the Orders of the Day" he is silent. So on this occasion he rises and points silently to the M.P. who is to speak.

The Clerk's chief duties are to sign addresses, votes of thanks, and orders of the Commons. He signs bills sent to the Lords. But his main task, perhaps, is to advise the Speaker about the rules and procedure of the House.

His assistants, who are appointed by the Premier on the Speaker's recommendation, keep a daily record of all proceedings in the House, and advise on—or accept or reject—questions and motions handed in by M.P.s.

WIGS AND GOWNS

All three Clerks wear barristers' curled wigs and silk gowns when they sit at the Table in front of the Speaker.

The Clerk of the Parliaments—an office now held by Sir Francis W. Lascelles—is appointed by the Queen and retires at the age of 70. His duties are somewhat similar to those of his colleagues in the Commons.

But when a peer has given notice of a motion or question, it is the Clerk of the Parliaments who calls on him by name—a function performed in the Commons by the Speaker.

News from Everywhere

BATS IN THE FUTURE

About 10,000 willow trees are to be planted at Eye, Suffolk. It is hoped that in 15 years' time they will yield timber for 100,000 cricket bats.

Among playing field improvements considered in Kirkcaldy, Fifeshire, are the provision of an old bus and a concrete roller-skating rink which could be flooded in frosty weather for ice skating.

A South African woman of Scots descent, Mrs. Caroline Milloy Miller, has left over £30,000 to various Scottish societies, "chiefly to encourage the playing of bagpipes."

Essex firemen are to be aided by helicopters from a U.S. air base.

Head camera man



When French parachutists made a jump the other day one of their number had a pair of cine cameras fitted to his head. The resulting film was intended to show all details of the drop from beginning to end.

A record in Scottish tweed exports was reached in 1956. Two-thirds went to Canada and the United States, earning 18 million dollars.

The people of West Germany now drink more tea than was drunk in the whole of Germany before the war.

HOLE IN THE ROAD

Workmen investigating subsidence in a road at Llandudno found a hole 12 feet wide and 300 feet deep. It is believed to be an air shaft of a disused copper mine.

A sectioned model of the Bristol Proteus turbo-prop engine which powers the Britannia airliner is on show at the Aeronautical Gallery of the Science Museum in London.

A sailing centre for youth hostellers is to be opened this summer at Maldon, on the River Blackwater in Essex.


Australia hopes to send Britain more than three million cases of apples this year, 200,000 more than last year. To boost sales, 35 different varieties are to be given away in the streets of London and provincial cities.

CORRECTION

The CN of March 2 referred to the Vickers Viking plane which flew to Australia in 1919. This historic plane was, of course, a Vickers Vimy.

The OVALTINEYS'

Own Puzzle Corner



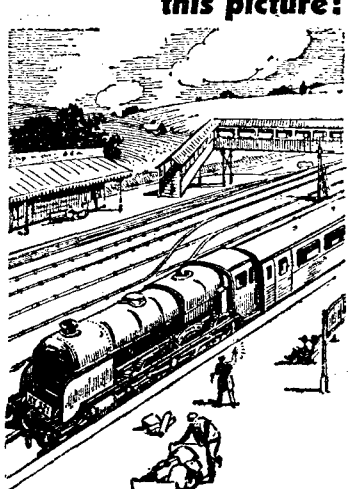
Do you know...

DON'T forget that it is a golden rule of all Ovaltineys to drink 'Ovaltine' every day. 'Ovaltine' is made from the very best of Nature's foods and it contains important food elements, including vitamins. Remind Mummy to serve this delicious and nourishing beverage with your meals and always drink it at bedtime every night.

EVERY BOY AND GIRL SHOULD JOIN THE LEAGUE OF OVALTINEYS

Members of the League of Ovaltineys have great fun with the secret high-signs, signals and code. You can join the League and obtain your badge and the Official Rule Book (which also contains the words and music of the Ovaltineys songs) by sending a label from a tin of 'Ovaltine' with your full name, address and age to: THE CHIEF OVALTINEY (Dept. D), 42 Upper Grosvenor Street, London, W.1.

what is wrong with this picture?



Turn this upside down to find the correct answers.

1. Signal post in middle of track.
2. Cross rails switch to wrong line.
3. No sleepers under rails.
4. Engine has no tender.
5. Guard in wrong position and should not be signalling with lamp.
6. Engine bears car number.

OVALTINE

The World's most popular Food Beverage

Just what he wanted

Gregory Byworth of Arnos Secondary Modern School, London, wanted to write a history of world railways. So he wrote letters to various foreign embassies in London asking for information. And back came a whole table full.



BUSY ONE-TRAIN RAILWAY

The petrol shortage is bringing more business to one of the smallest railways in Britain, the Easingwold Railway, near York. It is a line with one engine, and a track only three miles long—standard gauge, 4 feet 8½ inches; but the children of Easingwold are proud of it, and Driver George Paragreen is a popular figure in the village.

Every weekday, for the past 30 years, he has taken his train from Easingwold to the East Coast main line at Alne, near York. It carries goods only, but often includes many thousand chirpy "passengers"—the fluffy live chicks which are loaded aboard the train from a nearby poultry farm. Farmers also send their potatoes, carrots, and sugar beet to market by the Easingwold Railway.

Because of petrol rationing, bigger loads are going by rail; in fact, the line is now carrying 100 tons a month more.

The E.R., opened in 1891, had eight passenger trains a day in its early years. An old passenger coach belonging to this private company still

stands in the station siding. It may shortly be sold, however, to a railway enthusiast in the Midlands. He is hoping to put it in his back garden as a reminder of one of England's smallest railways, a line which still keeps its separate identity when much bigger concerns have been nationalised.

In his office at Easingwold, Stationmaster L. J. Jackson has a gold-peaked cap of an old-fashioned design. The cap was ordered for an earlier stationmaster, who was so proud of it that he kept the cap brand-new in its original box. Although never worn, it remains a proud possession of a great little railway.



The driver has a word with the stationmaster

CLIVE'S COUNTRY HOUSE

The recent sale of Walcot Park was a reminder that this secluded house in Shropshire was once owned by Clive of India. He bought the estate after his return to this country in 1760, and with characteristic energy set about re-planning it.

On a hill above the house he planted a group of trees, half a mile long, spelling the name of his

most famous victory—Plassey. The woods, still there, were declared a bird sanctuary before the war to preserve them.

Clive spent only a short time at Walcot before he was recalled to India in 1764. But towards the end of his life he returned there many times in an effort to retrieve the health he had lost on the steaming plains of the Carnatic.

Australia looks for wrecks

There are believed to be more than 3000 wrecked ships lying off Australia's coasts, and the Commonwealth navy has begun the task of discovering and recording their exact position. Some might be a danger to navigation and others might contain valuables.

Four ships have been assigned to the job and are expected to be kept busy for 25 years.

Record rope

A wire rope 552 yards long and 13½ inches in circumference was recently completed in a Doncaster factory.

Believed to be the biggest of its kind ever made, it is going to a dockyard in Hong Kong, and will be used for hauling big ships out of the water for inspection and repairs.

GREAT WELSH FESTIVAL IN LONDON

Welsh folk in London are delighted that Queen Elizabeth, the Queen Mother, is to attend their St. David's National Festival at the Royal Albert Hall on March 16. In her Majesty's honour a Welsh poet, Caradog Prichard, has written a tribute which will be sung to harp accompaniment.

With pageantry and music this year's Festival will show the history, legends, and traditions of Wales. Her martial history from Roman times will be illustrated in a spectacular way, and the battle honours of The Welsh Soldier will be presented by detachments headed by the Welsh Guards.

Enthusiasm of a different kind will be roused by the impressive story, told in mime, of Mary Jones, who walked 30 miles to Bala to seek a Bible from the famous preacher, the Rev. Thomas Charles. Her pilgrimage is said to have inspired the formation of the British and Foreign Bible Society.

MUSIC AND LAUGHTER

There will, of course, be singing, and the West Wales United Choir is to muster 400 voices. The London Welsh Association's Youth Choir will be there, and so will the Llanwrda Children's Choir, Eisteddfod winners from Carmarthenshire, who meet regularly in a converted roadside smithy. Another group of young Eisteddfod prize-winners, the Gest (Portmadoc) Dancing Party, are to present national dances.

Laughter features in the programme as well as song and pageantry, for Swansea-born Harry Secombe, the "Goon," is to be present, and also Anthony Oliver, the celebrated TV story-teller from Abersychan.

COOKING CAN BE FUN

Experiments in the kitchen without some knowledge of cooking generally result only in disappointment. The beginner needs a guide, and two excellent ones are Anthony Parker's Let's Do Some Cooking (Bodley Head, 7s. 6d.), and Elizabeth Craig's Instructions to Young Cooks (Museum Press, 10s. 6d.).

Mr. Parker's entertaining book introduces us to the tools of the craft; cookers and cooking utensils; and after some valuable general hints, shows us how to prepare breakfast, simple dishes, cakes, sweets, and so on.

Elizabeth Craig is one of the leading cookery experts in this country. She tells us that she had her first lesson "at kindergarten age, propped up on cushions on a kitchen chair." In this book she gives the wealth of her experience, in very readable style, to every hopeful young cook.

Practice in silence

When the famous pianist, Benno Moiseiwitsch, crossed from Britain to America recently, he was able to keep his fingers in practice and at the same time not disturb passengers in nearby cabins.

His stateroom was provided with a special silent piano.

Artist and model

Museums are made to be used, and so Christine Mutlow goes from Putney to the Children's Centre at the Natural History Museum, London, when she wants a really life-like model. And this one will always stand still—because it is stuffed.



Stamp News

STAMPEx, annual exhibition of the Philatelic Traders' Society, is being held at the Central Hall, Westminster, next week (March 16 to 23). Special souvenir envelopes have been produced, and an exhibition postmark will be used at the Stampex post office.

THE arrival of Mayflower II after its transatlantic voyage later this year will be celebrated with a new U.S. issue.

THAILAND is to have a set of stamps in honour of Buddha, who died just 2500 years ago.

A SET of three from Poland tells us that ski-ing as a sport is now 50 years old in that country.

GHANA, the land we used to call Gold Coast, has issued four new stamps and overprinted nine of her current ones to celebrate her independence. The new stamps depict an eagle soaring above a map of Africa. They also portray Dr. Nkrumah, the Prime Minister.

Movable feast

The Cambridge University Railway Club had a novel idea for their annual dinner. Instead of holding it at a hotel or restaurant, they reserved a dining-car on a train from London to Cambridge and held the dinner en route.

PUPPET THEATRE FOR C.N. READER

The complete Puppet Theatre offered for the best colouring in C.N. Competition No. 8 has been awarded to:

STEPHEN TAYLOR,
Abbots Road,
Abbots Langley,
Hertfordshire.

Fountain-pens for the next best efforts go to: Ruth Adams, Birmingham; Marion Apperly, Birmingham; Graham Aths, Leeds; Colin Large, London, E.18; Leon Parker, Pinner; Clio Rantell, Dalbeattie; Robin Smitherman, Haslemere; Martin Towler, Reading; Susan Watling, Hounslow; Valerie Worrall, Epsom.

Izaak Walton in America

A statue of Izaak Walton is to be set up at Fort Pierce, an angling centre in Florida.

Seeking approval for the memorial, the mayor of this American town wrote to the Mayor of Stafford, the town where Walton was born in 1593.

Back went a most cordial letter, and this is to be placed in a cornerstone of the statue.



Tea for two at school

Housecraft is among the subjects taught at St. Michael's School, Camberwell, in South London. The girls learn to run a house, a miniature home being provided so that they can get practical experience. Here are Vera Rudd and Sheila Barry being looked after by Maureen Pearman and served with cakes they themselves have baked.

ERNEST THOMSON WRITES ABOUT RADIO AND TELEVISION PERSONALITIES AND PROGRAMMES

DO YOU WANT TO BE A NURSE?

Newsreels from THE APPELYARDS

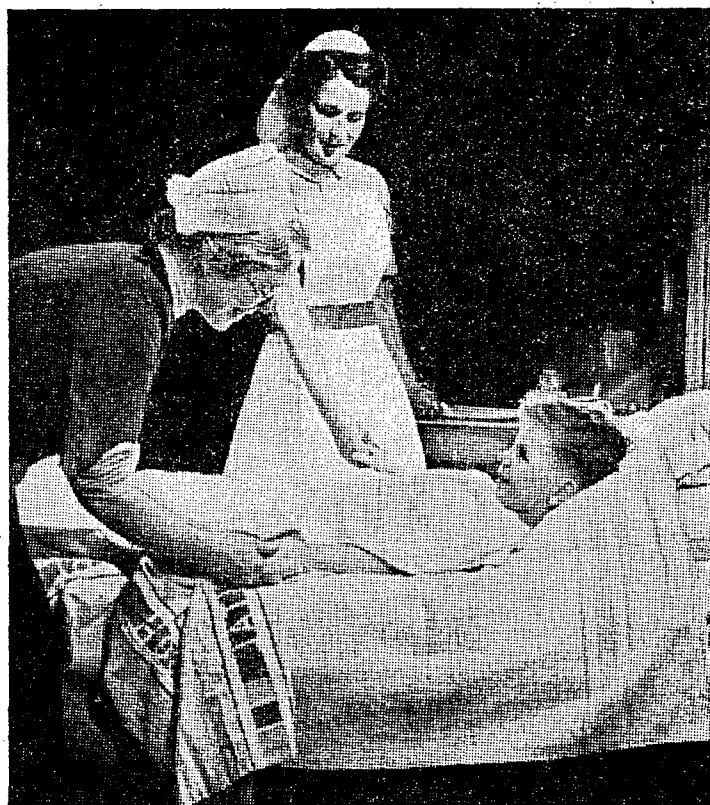
round the world

GO SKI-ING

HOSPITAL nursing is one of the noblest careers any girl could choose. It is a fascinating one, too, especially for those who have the physical stamina and steadiness of purpose demanded.

Next Saturday the full story will be told in "I Want To Be . . . A Nurse" in BBC Children's Hour.

The programme has been written by Celia Irving. Recording gear was taken into one of London's biggest teaching hospitals, and we can follow the entire progress of a young probationer from the time she begins her course until the triumphant day when she wins the coveted nursing certificate.



The Sister Tutor shows how to give a blanket bath

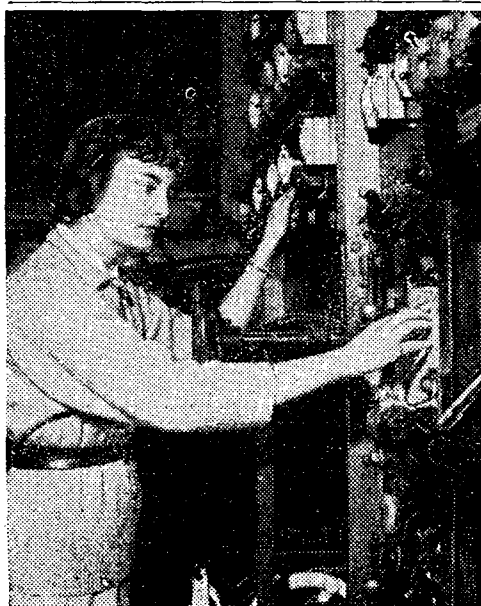
Animals queue for a drink

ALTHOUGH lions are seen prowling for prey, I am assured there is nothing horrifying in the exciting film which the BBC are showing in the Look programme in Children's TV this Thursday. It was taken by Mervyn Cowie, Director of the National Parks of Kenya, who, you may recall, made a personal appearance in Look last November during a short visit to England.

Mr. Cowie's pictures show the

hazards that wild animals face in order to get their daily drink. In the dry and desert parts of the country they will travel 20 miles from their feeding grounds to their regular drinking pool, where they queue up in a strict order of precedence rather like the creatures proceeding into the Ark.

Many of the Kenya animals depend on elephants, which can smell out water at astonishing distances.



Stage manager

Ann Davies the stage manager, sets the lights for a new scene at the Liverpool Playhouse. By her left hand are the dimmers, each with its own control, switches, and fuse. The wheel acts as the master control to each bank of dimmers. On the right is the board giving the settings for each change of lights.

THE newspapers, as you probably know, get a lot of their stories from news agencies, being unable to have correspondents of their own in every corner of the world.

A similar kind of plan is now being started with news film for TV and cinemas. At a BBC Press conference the other day we were told about the formation of the British Commonwealth Newsfilm Agency, Limited. It will provide a service of international news on film for subscribers anywhere in the world who may operate TV services, produce cinema newsreels, or require newsfilm.

The company is controlled by a special Trust consisting of the BBC, the Rank Organisation, the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, and the Australian Broadcasting Commission.

Mr. Kenneth Dick, Managing Editor of the Company, told me that a start is being made with about a dozen regular camera teams in the Commonwealth and Europe. A large number of correspondents and free-lance cameramen will also be employed.

Jennings looks to Macbeth

I HEAR there's a Shakespearean flavour in a new Jennings play by Anthony Buckeridge which David Davis produces in Children's Hour this Thursday. The title is Jennings and the Planned Operation.

Though it was described to me as a comedy of errors, Jennings gets the inspiration for his plan of campaign from the tragedy of Macbeth.

Boy who bid for a bicycle

NOT all the old stories are the best, but the BBC is wise, I think, to run through the list of past favourites and bring some of them into the light of day again. A typical case is The Railway Children, the serial now running in Children's TV on Sundays, which was performed twice in 1931.

Now comes another winner from the past. Called Young Chippie, it is a delightful little play by Lewis Grant Wallace which Barbara Hammond is presenting in BBC Children's TV next Tuesday.

Viewers were charmed by it when it was first produced by Eric Fawcett nearly ten years ago and again by Joy Harington five years ago.

The story tells of a young boy who has saved up 27 shillings to buy a second-hand cycle at an auction. Twenty-seven shillings isn't much, considering what a splendid machine is being offered, and Chippie's chances look slender. But he has some unexpected friends in the crowd. To say more would be to spoil the plot for viewers.

Miss Hammond told me that Chippie will be played by John

It's not surprising that the adventures of BBC Television's Appleyard family always seem so real. Producer Kevin Sheldon insists as far as possible on the cast going through at first hand what they later enact on the TV screen.

In the new six-week series, start-



Derek Rowe gets down to it

ing on Saturday, for example, Tommy, Margaret, and Hazel go off on their own for winter sports in the Highlands of Scotland.

So they had lessons at Lillywhites Dry Ski School in London; then it was arranged that they should travel from Euston with all their ski-ing kit for four days' filming at Carrbridge and Grantown-on-Spey.

We shall see the ski-ing exploits of Derek Rowe, Carole Oliver, and Barbara Brown in the second episode on March 23. Meanwhile, Episode One will be concerned mostly with the awful Mr. Spiller (C. B. Poultny), always dropping in and more of a nuisance than ever. The Appleyards use frenzied efforts to dislodge him.

The third instalment, actually on Boat Race Day (March 30), will show the Appleyards back in London, trying to get a toe-hold among the Thames-side crowds as the crews battle past.

Sad fate of an Admiral

IT is 200 years this Thursday since the execution of one of the unluckiest admirals in history—an event we can hear all about in a Home Service broadcast at 7.45 on Friday. On March 14, 1757, Admiral John Byng faced a firing squad on the quarter-deck of a ship lying off Portsmouth, the only British admiral ever to suffer such a fate.

Some people said he was made a scapegoat; others insisted he merited the fate for cowardice in face of the enemy.

It all happened at a time when the French were massing against

Britain, whose main naval strength was concentrated in the English Channel. Byng, Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean, was ordered to relieve Minorca, but mishandled his ships so that only part of his force engaged the enemy, and sustained heavy damage. Byng eventually broke



Admiral Byng

off the engagement and returned to Gibraltar.

Court martialled at Portsmouth, Byng was acquitted of cowardice, but found guilty of neglect of duty and condemned to death. Despite the court's recommendation to mercy and a public outcry in his favour, the King refused to intervene. Byne met his death bravely.

Felix Felton will be heard as Admiral Byng, the story being written by David Woodward and produced by Maurice Brown.

More fun with Sooty

HARRY CORBETT and Sooty have recently been taking a well-earned holiday. Next Sunday afternoon they will be back in the BBC's Northern studio for what Producer Trevor Hill describes as "more fun and impudence" in Children's TV.



John Pike

MAKERS OF MUSIC AND INSTRUMENTS, TOO

C N correspondent Alan Ivimey recently went down to the pleasant town of Haslemere, among the Surrey woods, and called on a man who has dedicated his life to the performance of the sweet music of our ancestors and the making of the instruments for which that music was written. His name, known to many thousands of school-children, is Carl Dolmetsch, and he is the son of the famous Arnold Dolmetsch, who came to England as a pioneer in the revival of old music over 70 years ago.

CARL DOLMETSCH and his family have brought the pioneer's ambition to fulfilment (writes Alan Ivimey). Instruments from the Dolmetsch workshops now go all over the globe, and with the recitals and concerts which Carl gives, here and abroad, have opened up a whole world of music which has its own special charm, just as the great poetry of olden days has.

Carl Dolmetsch was kind enough to show me round the workshop himself. And the first thing I noticed was the subtle smell of wood. Pear from an Austrian orchard, cherry and box from Eng-

land, satinwood from Ceylon—each had its own scent and its own fragrant sawdust as the planes and chisels and lathes did their work.

In the hall we had to squeeze past a big crate with instructions painted on it in Spanish.

"In that," said my host, "a harpsichord arrived the other day from Brazil. It has suffered somewhat from the climate, so we are putting it in order."

Then he went into a room where craftsmen were making recorders. These instruments, which thirty years ago were scarcely known outside the museums, have come into favour again largely through the work of the Dolmetsch family.

I was told that the craftsmen here can look down a mouth-piece and, with their unaided eye, detect an error of a two-thousandth of an inch.

A bass recorder was on the lathe. This is the largest type, over three feet long, and it is blown, as a bassoon is, with a curved tube mouth-piece. The other types, of recorder, in descending order of size, are the tenor, treble, descant, and soprano, this last being only eight inches long.

In his office upstairs

Carl Dolmetsch showed me a list of orders he was working through from the United States, Australia, South America, and various parts of Europe.

"We turn out about 600 hand-made recorders a year," he said, "and I test every one of them myself."

Carl Dolmetsch is acknowledged as the foremost recorder player of our time, and is also a performer on at least six other instruments.

Thousands of schoolchildren have heard his recitals and talks, for he goes all over the world with his accompanist, Joseph Saxby; and he takes a little triangular harpsichord which fits into the back of his car as easily as it would have done into a 17th-century coach.

NEARLY 500 YEARS OLD

In the family's studio there is a wonderful collection of old instruments, most of them still playable. Among them is a viola da gamba (viol held between the legs), "cousin" of the cello. As it was made about the year 1475, its notes could have been heard by a soldier who had served at Agincourt with Henry the Fifth. The varnish is rough with age, but the old instrument can still be played.

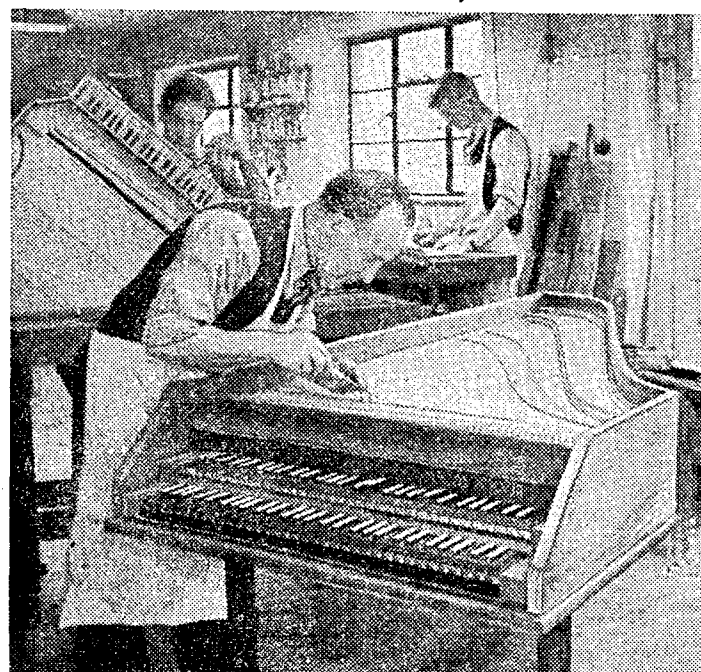
We went on to the machine shop where there were circular saws, band saws, a planing machine, spindle-moulders, and a sander, which operates a belt of sand or glass-paper for cleaning-up work.

"But," said Mr. Dolmetsch, "we never use a machine if the human hand can do the job better."

CRAFTSMEN OF MANY LANDS

He took me upstairs to what he called the United Nations. "At various times," he told me, "we have had five or six different countries represented in this room."

The next moment I was shaking hands with a craftsman from Poland, another from California, and still another from New Zealand, all serving a five-year ap-



Repairing the B B C's harpsichord made in the Dolmetsch workshops

prenticeship. They were working on keyboard instruments—harpsichords, clavichords, and spinets—in which the strings are plucked by tiny projections of leather instead of being struck by hammers, as in the piano.

I also saw the B B C's harpsichord, in for extensive repairs. "It has been in use at Broadcasting House for some 25 years," said Mr. Dolmetsch, "and I should think someone has been trying boogie-woogie on it. But we shall soon have it right again."

Next we went into a special department where plastic recorders are tested. To meet the tremendous demand for an inexpensive but accurate recorder for schools, a Bakelite instrument has been designed and put into production. But much careful work has been done to ensure that this is not a toy, but a musical instrument which plays in tune.

The girls who do the testing run an eye over the instrument first to see that the cooling of the plastic

has been even and that finger holes are properly clear. Then each recorder is played. Only two people can do this at a time, otherwise it would sound as if the four-and-twenty blackbirds had all escaped from the pie into that room.

As many as 50,000 of these instruments have to be tested for one firm alone. They are mostly of the descant size, suitable for the small hands of children.

"Of course," said Mr. Dolmetsch, "no plastic can equal the close-grained satinwood or Indian rosewood. But if a good plastic recorder and the best wooden one were played behind a curtain, only an expert could tell the difference."

The little Dolmetsches—François, Jeanne, Marguerite, and Richard—have formed a quartet of three recorders and a spinet. The drawing-room has three harpsichords in it. Surely there never was such a family for making music!



Carl Dolmetsch is craftsman as well as musician



The Dolmetsch family practising a quartet of recorders with harpsichord accompaniment



The back of a lute being removed from its mould ; and a minstrel's harp being strung

Children's Newspaper

John Carpenter House
Whitefriars . London . EC4
MARCH 16 1957

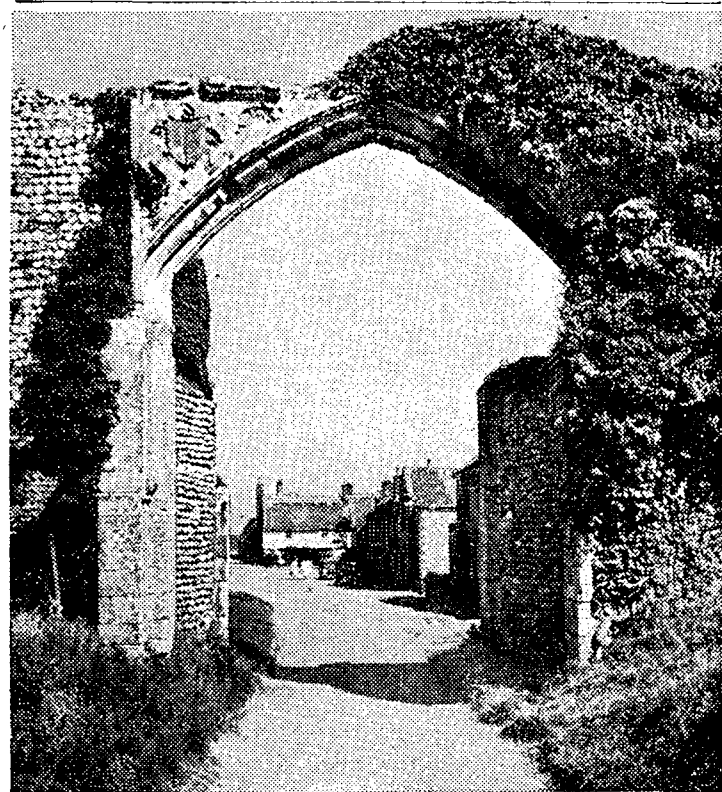
ON TOP OF THE WORLD

Two airliners recently exchanged greetings over the North Pole. They were pioneering Scandinavian Airlines System's new regular route between Copenhagen and Tokyo, a route 2300 miles shorter than the one via the Middle East.

It was a great occasion, resulting from great team work. This was underlined in the inspiring message which Mr. Hansen, Danish Prime Minister, broadcast to the world as his Tokyo-bound airliner passed over the Pole.

Acknowledging a debt to earlier explorers of many nations, he pointed out that this pioneering exploit had also been made possible by the three Scandinavian countries pooling their resources. This co-operation, he went on, stressed the need for far wider co-operation, the need for nations to "work together to pave the way to a better world."

Through teamwork, planes now fly regularly over the North Pole, on top of the world. It is a thrilling achievement, but far greater ones are possible if only *all* the nations can learn to work together as a team.



OUR HOMELAND

The Editor's Table

BLUE FIVERS

EVER since 1793 the Bank of England has been issuing five-pound notes, popularly known as fivers. These have always been printed in black on crisp white paper, but now a coloured and much smaller fiver is in circulation.

Blue is the prevailing tint of the new fiver, which is slightly wider than the pound note. Britannia is still there, with a miniature St. George and the Dragon below, and a lion holding a key is pictured on the back. Another head of Britannia forms part of the watermark, clearly seen if the note is held up to the light.

We doubt if many of our readers often get a chance to own a fiver, but we hope that they will do so frequently in years to come. They are well worth collecting.

Think on These Things

ONE day the disciples found Jesus praying and asked Him to teach them how to pray. For answer Jesus gave them the Lord's Prayer.

The Lord's Prayer is not only the prayer that we shall want to use day by day in our own prayers. It is also to be the model and pattern of all our praying.

You will notice that this wonderful prayer begins not with ourselves but with God.

Jesus has taught us to think of God as "Father." For Jesus, life was the doing of the will of the Heavenly Father. So it must be with us.

God is "our Father," not "my Father," or "your Father." He is the Father of all. We must love and care for one another, for we are brethren. O. R. C.

Not-so-helpful dog

AN hotel-keeper in Newcastle, New South Wales, put £50 in a bag to take to the bank. But on going out he left the bag behind.

Seeing him go without it, his dog grabbed the bag in his mouth and followed. Then, losing sight of his master, he dropped it in the gutter and went home. Luckily a friend found the bag.

A few years ago the same dog lost his master while carrying a bag containing £500, but on that occasion he went straight to the bank with it.

Rope trick



Young Keith Gibson of Staines Sea Cadets was having a lesson in how to splice a rope. At one moment it looked as if the rope would win but Keith came out on top in the end.

Thirty Years Ago

From the Children's Newspaper, March 19, 1927

THE other day a man in America called in a doctor.

The doctor was in Paris, and could not leave his other patients long enough to make the voyage to America, so he came to England instead. It sounds like an Irish bull, but of course the French doctor came to England to use the transatlantic telephone, the French service not working yet.

Dr. Imbert, the French specialist, was connected at 2.30, and after a brief conversation with the sick man who had been treated by him in Paris the doctor held a consultation with the man's American physicians. For the first time men of science living in different hemispheres talked together of how they could save a man's life.

SPRING GREETING

WELCOME, pale primrose! starting up between Dead matted leaves of ash and oak that strew The every lawn, the wood, and spinney through. 'Mid creeping moss and ivy's darker green; How much thy presence beautifies the ground! How sweet thy modest unaffected pride Glows on the sunny bank and wood's warm side.

John Clare (1793-1864)

THEY SAY...

I BELIEVE that there are some things for which it is worth while making some personal sacrifice, and I believe that the British Commonwealth is one of those things.

Prince Philip

IF we are to be true to tradition we have to do the kind of thing the great men in the past did to make Britain great. We have to take off our hats to the past and our coats to the future.

Lord Hailsham,
Minister of Education

It makes me angry to hear people say we are a second-rate Empire now. It is true we have parted with vast quantities of our treasure in battles to keep the world free. But we have not really scratched the vast resources we own as a Commonwealth.

Sir Roy Welensky, Prime
Minister of the Federation
of Rhodesia and Nyasaland

QUIZ CORNER

1. How many signatures of Shakespeare are still in existence?
2. Who was the first man to swim the Channel?
3. What is the popular name for Schubert's Symphony in B minor?
4. What is the purse of Fortunatus?
5. Which sports do you associate with Silverstone, White City, Twickenham, Trent Bridge, Hampden Park?
6. Who was the first European known to have landed on what is now U.S. territory?

Answers on page 12

Lure of London

SEPARATE from the pleasure of your company, I don't much care if I never see a mountain in my life. I have passed all my days in London, until I have formed as many and intense local attachments, as any of you mountaineers can have done with dead nature. The lighted shops of the Strand and Fleet Street, the innumerable trades, tradesmen and customers, coaches, waggons, playhouses... coffee houses, steams of soups from kitchens, the pantomimes, London itself a pantomime and a masquerade—all these things work themselves into my mind and feed me, without a power of satiating me. The wonder of these sights impells me into night-walks about her crowded streets, and I often shed tears in the motley Strand from fulness of joy at so much Life.

Charles Lamb in a
letter to Wordsworth

Out and About

THE bustle of bird movements during the next few weeks will be as busy as at any time in the whole year. Fresh arrivals keep coming in place of winter residents who have been saying goodbye to us until next autumn.

Among welcome recent arrivals are the chiffchaff and the wheatear, and a few of the early warblers. You may see and hear a blackcap, who can claim to be second only to the nightingale in sweet song, but if so he has probably moved from some other place in this country, having stayed here through the winter.

THE FIRST SWALLOWS

By the end of this month, however, the blackcaps should start arriving from abroad. Not until the middle of April can the nightingale be expected, and then, alas, only in the southern half of the country, though changing conditions in many of his usual haunts may cause him to venture farther.

Before the end of this month we should also see the first swallows and sand martins, the house martin coming a week or two later.

The fieldfare and the redwing, close relatives of our thrushes and blackbirds, have gone or are leaving, and so have several favourite wildfowl, including widgeon and teal.

HEDGEHOG TAKES A WALK

So many of the birds depend upon insects for food that their presence proves legions of insects are coming out of the grub stage, or waking from hibernation.

One of the hibernating creatures which decide about now that spring is real is the hedgehog. I saw one walking purposefully across the country lane and into a roomy ditch. He had lost his fat, tubby appearance of the autumn, though he had probably roused himself once or twice during mild days of winter and made an odd meal. He was now set on a regular diet.

LOOKING LESS HUNGRY

By about mid-May, when the boar and the sow, as the male and female hedgehog are called, have a family of five or six young, they will themselves look less hungry.

My hedgehog would have been pleased with snails, worms, a frog, and even a mouse if he caught it, during his prowling, but at least he would get some grubs and probably several kinds of moving insects, for these are what may be called the staple diet of hedgehogs no less than of many birds.

C. D. D.

JUST AN IDEA

As Dean Inge wrote: The happiest people seem to be those who have no particular cause for being happy except that they are so.

The Children's Newspaper, March 16, 1957
DAYS IN THE HUT COUNTRY

STRANGE HIDING-PLACE OF THE STARLINGS

"BUT if we leave the shelter of the Dell-without-a-Name, we'll never see anything!" said Iain.

"We'll get awful blown about, too!" said Betty.

"But isn't it best to remain in a sheltered glen like this, Hut Man?" said Iain. "I mean, when we're looking for birds and animals in this high wind?"

"Come, now," I said, in answer to Iain's question, "you don't suppose that all the little creatures of fields, hillsides, and moors scuttle into glens when a wind rises, do you?"

"No-no," he replied; "and yet Betty and I never seem to see them when it's stormy. I thought it was because they just couldn't travel about when a high wind was blowing."

"Oh, they travel about all right," I told him, "for they've to hunt in all weathers, but in stormy weather the smaller creatures do most of their journeying through twisty corridors... under the roots of trees and hedgerows, along dry, overgrown ditches, and through the little passages between the stones of old walls."

The twins are keen naturalists. I have only to tell some little fact about birds or animals, and immediately there is a duet of "Oh, Hut Man, could we see that?" The result of this latest piece of information was our leaving the Dell-without-a-Name and, buffeted by the wind, setting out over Hut Country to look for small wayfarers travelling through what Betty called "teeny wee passages."

We found several. Along the foot of the old hedge that twists over Rocky Hillside we watched the lithe little body of a weasel slipping in and out among the gnarled old exposed roots and tufts of withered grass; between the curving roots of a gigantic beech at Far-away Wood we saw a wood-mouse searching for seeds and beech-mast; an active brown wren popped in and out among the crevices of the ancient wall at Round Pond.

But, as so often happens to the watcher in the countryside, our most exciting adventure had nothing to do with the small shelter-lovers we had set out to find.

It happened, quite unexpectedly, on the "vacant wine-red moor." Here the wind whistled even more shrilly, and we crouched at the lee-side of a lichen-covered "dry-stane dyke," waiting to see what further travellers might use the labyrinth of passageways and stairways between its weathered stones.

"Listen! What's that?" exclaimed Iain as a "crunch-crunch-crunch!" could be heard on the other side of our sheltering well. It was a sound I knew and loved, but it was a strange one for the twins, and Betty looked quite startled as she glanced at me after her brother's query. "Stand up slowly and peep over," I suggested.

The children straightened themselves cautiously and peeped over into the field beyond. The next moment they were crouching beside me again, chuckling. "Och, only a big flock of sheep pulling at the grass!" said Iain, and his sister added: "And all their funny slotty eyes looked up at us, ever so surprised!"

It was while we were thus talking about the feeding sheep that the exciting incident occurred. Suddenly, with a whirr of wings that could be heard easily above the gale, a large company of starlings swooped past, low above our heads, followed immediately by a large and powerful dark grey bird that flashed into sight from nowhere, banked and wheeled on dis-



The sparrow-hawk leaves its nest.

covering unexpected humans in its vicinity, and with two rapid strokes of the great pointed wings disappeared down-wind beyond a rocky promontory of the moor.

Betty had automatically ducked as the big bird swept low above us, and Iain exclaimed: "Phew, Hut Man, what on earth was it? An eagle?"

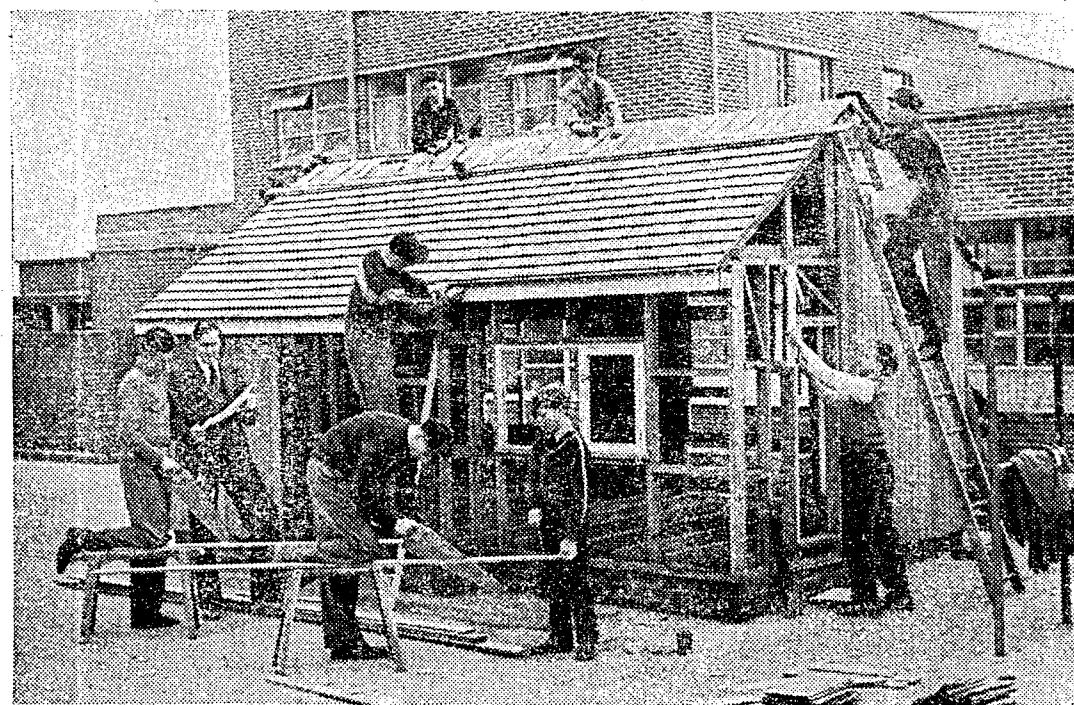
"No, hardly as big as that," I replied. "It was a sparrow-hawk. It didn't take him long to change course when he spotted us, did it?"

"I'll say it didn't!" Iain agreed. "Was he after the starlings?"

"He certainly was," I answered, "and they seemed to be swooping for the ground as they passed over. Where've they gone, I wonder?"

We all stood up and, half closing our eyes against the gale, looked over the wall. The sheep flock was still feeding placidly, but of the starlings there was no sign.

"Yes, where have they gone?" Betty asked; and Iain added: "D'you think they're among those



Young Hampshire house-builders

Boys of the Merry Oak Secondary School at Bitterne, near Southampton, have undertaken to build a little house in the playground of a nearby Infants' School at Sholing. The scheme is treated as part of the school work on one afternoon a week—and not only the construction but costing, estimating, and making the furniture.

64 YEARS UNDER SAIL

More than twenty years ago, Peter Welch left Barnstaple Grammar School to go to sea. His father was master and part-owner of the three-masted schooner Result, of Barnstaple, and Peter began his seagoing career with him as Ordinary Seaman and Cook. Today he is still in the Result—as Master.

The Result herself was launched

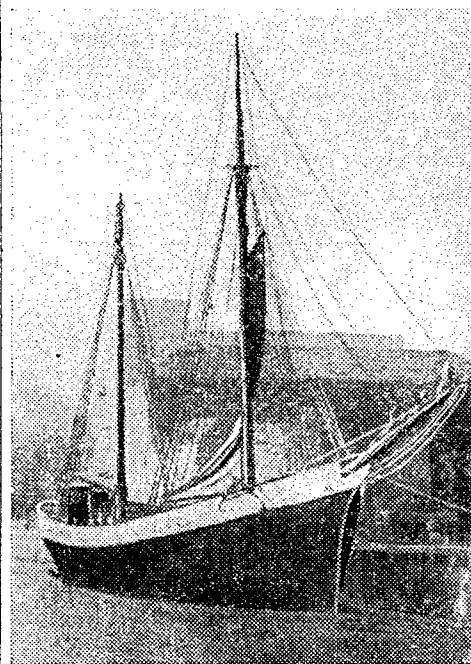
on time. However, she still sets a fair spread of canvas, one of the last coasters to do so. She trades as far north as the Tees, and as far West as South Wales. She frequently visits the Thames and the Channel Islands, still carrying cargoes after 64 years afloat.

During the First World War the gallant Result saw active service with the Royal Navy as a Q-ship for decoying and destroying U-Boats. In this role she fought two actions in 1917 against German submarines in the North Sea. A brass plate in her cabin companion-way records these naval exploits of 40 years ago.

Incidentally, during her Q-ship days, her second-in-command was Lieutenant G. H. P. Mulhausen, the celebrated yachtsman, who later sailed his yawl Amaryllis round the world.

Peter Welch worked his way up in the Result, and during the Second World War served as Mate and in 1949, after his father's death, took command.

A few years ago the Result was temporarily given her original rig as a three-



The Result under her present rig—as a ketch. She started life with three masts.

at Carrickfergus in Northern Ireland in 1893, a steel schooner of 122 tons. Early this century she was one of the fastest sailing vessels in the coasting trade.

Today the Result has one mast removed and is rigged as a ketch, while a powerful 120 h.p. engine helps her to deliver her cargoes

masted topsail schooner to take part in the filming of Conrad's novel "Outcast of the Islands." But her normal occupation is cargo-carrying, and she is a refreshing example of how an old-time sailing ship under a modern Devon sea-dog has been adapted to twentieth-century needs.

grassy tufts, Hut Man? They certainly looked as though they were flying to the ground."

"They certainly were," I agreed, "but we'd see them among that grass; it's not long enough to hide even..." And then I saw where the starlings had gone, and the twins discovered the hiding-place at the same moment. For several seconds they were too surprised to utter a word; then Iain exclaimed: "Will you look at that! They're hiding under the sheep!"

"Oh, the smart wee things!" added the delighted Betty. "Look how they're peeping up from under the woolly bodies! Four under that one—and six under that!"

"Aye," I said, "they knew the sparrow-hawk wouldn't follow them into the heart of a sheep flock."

"And they think it's still about!" said Iain. "See how they keep looking up at the sky?"

"Oh, but I love the way each wee group keeps running here and there, this way and that way, following under each sheep as it moves about cropping the grass! My, they are clever!"

OUT FROM COVER

Leaning over the old wall and facing into the gale, we watched the sheep moving slowly as they fed, while each little group of starlings kept carefully under its woolly sanctuary. After several minutes first one bird and then another came out from cover, were slowly joined by more and more companions, till the whole flock was in the open again, though still in easy reach of safety and ready to scurry back should danger return.

But danger did not return, and after food searching for a few moments the entire flock again took to wing, and, like an undulating cloud, disappeared over the now darkening moor.

"Well," said Iain, "that was one of the most exciting things we've ever seen in Hut Country, wasn't it, Betty?"

"Oh dear, yes!" agreed his sister; and then she added laughingly to me: "And I don't mind being blown about, Hut Man, when such wonderful things are happening in the wind!"

SHOW FOR ALL THE FAMILY

London's greatest show this month is the Ideal Home Exhibition at Olympia, where the Grand Hall has been transformed into a huge market-place. In the centre is a fountain, shooting water 20 feet into the air from the midst of a high garland of flowers rising from revolving beds which change colour as they turn.

A moss-green-carpet, like a grassy walk, leads past the fountain to the Pavilion of Gold where the story of that precious metal is shown. Here the visitor can look on the greatest hoard of gold he is ever likely to see—200 ingots worth £1,000,000. They are placed above piles of ore from which they were extracted.

The fascinating story of gold-mining is unfolded in a striking series of dioramas, and here, too,

Feather in her cap



Girls of the Sir John Cass School, London, wear red feathers at the annual Founder's Day service in St Botolph's, Aldgate. So Laraine Martin fastens one for her friend Jean Hadley. Sir John Cass was a sheriff of the City of London in 1711.

are examples of the goldsmith's craft, prominent among them being the Queen's Cup, made specially for her Coronation.

Leaving this treasure house, the visitor can go to gardens designed by the most famous nurserymen in the country. In the middle of them is an Elizabethan garden, where music is played on the instruments of those times.

These scenes of splendour serve as an introduction to the more practical displays of this now world-famous Exhibition, which has something to attract every member of the family.

SUPERSONIC FLIGHT

Mother, for instance, will be interested in the Woman's Hour House, which Miss Jeanne Heal, of TV fame, has furnished according to the preferences expressed by her radio audience. Father will be thrilled by a set of handyman's tools of a unique design from Switzerland. Boys and girls can experience imaginary supersonic flight in the cockpit of a jet aircraft, provided by the R.A.F., and afterwards steady their nerves with ice-cold tomato juice or pineapple drinks served at top speed at the big Commonwealth stand.

The whole family will be fascinated by the varied display of homecrafts, which the Townswomen's Guilds have produced. Here are examples of weaving, knitting, embroidery, and tatting from Scotland; of quilting for which the county of Durham is celebrated; and of lace worked by craftswomen from Bedfordshire and Honiton in Devon.

All these are but a fraction of what has been assembled under Olympia's great roof for the Exhibition which closes on March 30.

IT HAPPENED THIS WEEK—MARCH 16, 1914

SUFFRAGETTES CLASH WITH POLICE

LONDON—Although released from prison only two days ago, the Suffragette leaders—Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst and her daughter Sylvia—today expressed their determination to continue their fight to win women the right to vote.

When Mrs. Pankhurst was taken to Holloway Gaol after being arrested at a Glasgow meeting, she did not know that her daughter was in the same prison. Miss Sylvia had been arrested at another riotous meeting in London.

Supporters of the Pankhursts massed around the prison walls, one contingent having marched six miles from the East End to join the crowd. There were loud cheers when the prison gates swung open and a bruised and weary Mrs. Pankhurst stepped out to freedom.

During her stay in Holloway she had refused to lie anywhere except on the concrete floor of her cell, although she was wearing an elegant velvet gown.

OUT OF THE BACK DOOR

Mrs. Pankhurst had suffered arrest frequently since she began her militant campaign for women's votes eight years ago, and last year was sentenced to penal servitude for her part in blowing up the Walton home of the Home Secretary, Mr. Lloyd George.

Her latest arrest occurred amid tumultuous scenes at St. Andrew's Hall, Glasgow. She had been billed to speak there, although she knew that the police would try to prevent her appearance at the meeting. At her last London meeting she had just managed to escape the police by sending a decoy dressed like herself out of the front door while she ran out at the back.

She travelled to Scotland in a fast car, shaking off the trailing detectives, and went into hiding in a Scottish manse until the day of the meeting.

At St. Andrew's Hall she tricked the police by slipping in as an ordinary member of the audience.

The hall was crowded. Trouble was expected, and careful preparations had been made for it. Barbed wire, cunningly hidden by ivy, had been draped around the platform. Many flowerpots were arranged nearby—and not purely for show. Buckets of water lay within arm's reach.

On entering the hall Mrs. Pankhurst made her way to the platform to deliver her speech, surrounded by a protecting band of the Scots Women's Bodyguard group formed last year when Mrs. Pankhurst returned from her tour of America. Every member was armed with an Indian club.

Then the police burst into the hall to arrest Mrs. Pankhurst.

A girl kept them at bay by firing blank shots from a revolver. Buckets of water were poured over them; flowerpots hurled through the air; the Bodyguard made use of their Indian clubs.

As the struggle was in full swing the Suffrage members tried to smuggle Mrs. Pankhurst out by a side exit, but detectives seized her and dragged her out violently.

Next day arrangements were

made to take Mrs. Pankhurst to Holloway Prison in secret.

She was driven by car to a small Lanarkshire station where the London express was stopped to pick her up.

When Mrs. Pankhurst arrived at Holloway the police took extra



Mrs Pankhurst addressing a meeting in Trafalgar Square

precautions, stationing a posse at the prison to repel any possible attack as she was taken in.

A storm of protest has been aroused in Glasgow over the brutal treatment the police were seen to give Mrs. Pankhurst when they arrested her at the meeting. There have been deputations to the Glasgow magistrates, the City Council, and the Secretary for Scotland.

(The outbreak of war in August 1914 stopped the Suffragette campaign, but the work women did in the war established their claim to equal rights. Full equality was granted them in May 1928.)

FOUNDERS OF A NATION—new picture-version of the Pilgrim Fathers' story (2)

In 1603 a company of persecuted English Puritans sought sanctuary in Holland. Dissatisfied with conditions

there, they decided to emigrate to America. In 1620 they sailed in the Speedwell for Southampton, where another

party of Puritans awaited them in the Mayflower. Both ships were to cross the Atlantic together.



At Southampton they were fervently greeted by their friends in the Mayflower, a larger vessel than the Speedwell. Then came the first of their troubles. The Pilgrims' leaders could not agree to the terms of the contract drawn up by the London merchants who were financing the venture, and refused to sign it. To obtain money to pay the crews, they had to sell some of the precious provisions needed on the voyage.

In August 1620 the two little ships left Southampton with some 120 emigrants; men, women, and children. They had not sailed far down the Channel when the Speedwell sprang a leak, and the Mayflower was obliged to follow her consort into Dartmouth, and wait there until she was refitted. They set sail again, but west of Land's End they ran into stormy weather which forced them to run for safety to Plymouth.

At Plymouth the Speedwell's captain, a deceitful fellow named Reynolds, declared that his ship was leaky and overmasted, and therefore unfit to continue the voyage. It was afterwards proved that there was nothing wrong with her. Reynolds wanted to back out of the adventure because he feared there would be a lack of provisions. The Pilgrims' leaders argued with him but he stubbornly refused to change his mind.

The harassed Pilgrims held a meeting and decided that their expedition must sail in the Mayflower alone. Some 20 of them lost heart and stayed at Plymouth, but the rest crowded into this small 130-ton ship, which then had nearly 150 people on board, including the crew. In September she sailed from Plymouth with a fair wind, and it was not long before the Pilgrim Fathers were looking their last on their native land.

What fortune awaits this tiny overcrowded vessel in the Atlantic wastes? See next week's instalment

The Children's Newspaper, March 16, 1957

Susan and her brother Nicky have formed themselves into a firm which they call **ODD-JOBBERS, LTD.**, and have advertised that they are willing to undertake any job they are asked to do during their school holidays. This is the story of one of the jobs that came their way.

6. The secret well

"I AM afraid you will find it a messy job," said Mrs. Rowland as she stood in the doorway of the outhouse with Nicky and Susan. "I shall not blame you at all if you decide to turn the job down, I promise you."

"Turn it down?" said Nicky stoutly. "**ODD-JOBBERS, LTD.**, have never turned a job down yet!"

Mrs. Rowland smiled at him as he said that. "Somehow," she said, looking first at Nicky and then at Susan, "I did not really think you would."

The outbuilding was absolutely crammed with junk. There were stacks of wood, lengths of iron piping, coils of rope, bundles of old electric flex, rolls of wire netting, broken spades and other implements, lumps of old iron, tin cans, crates, battered tea-chests — nearly everything you could think of.

"Do you really think you can manage to clear this lot, the two of you?" asked Mr. Rowland. "I hope you can, of course, because my wife is hoping to make a studio here where she can get on with her painting uninterrupted by telephone-calls and tradesmen, and so on. But —"

"I'm absolutely sure we can," Nicky said emphatically. "Can't we, Sue?" He turned to his sister, who nodded her head eagerly.

"All right, then," said Mr. Rowland. "The sooner you make a start, the sooner you will know how you are going to stand up to it. We will pop across now and then with a cooling drink for you, and something for you to nibble at. Good luck, then!"

Good day's work

It took them a whole day to clear the outbuilding of the junk it contained. Scrap metal they put on one pile to await collection by Joe Binks, and everything that could be burned went on to another pile for a bonfire.

"Very good for one day's work," said Mrs. Rowland when she called them in to tea. "And you will be round again tomorrow?"

"Rather!" said Nicky, munching a huge slice of cake. "First thing in the morning."

Promptly at nine-thirty they collected two shovels and stiff brooms and started on what they expected would be the dulllest as well as the dirtiest job: scraping off the inches of rubbish, dust, and plaster from the flagstone floor.

"Oh, this dust!" said Susan, rubbing her eyes. "I shouldn't think this place has been swept out for donkeys' years!"

Join in the fun with Nicky and Susan, proprietors of . . .

ODD-JOBBERS, LTD.

By Garry Hogg

"Longer than that," said Nicky, shovelling away vigorously.

"Fancy this once being the kitchen of the Old Priory," Susan went on. "I hope the monks kept it cleaner than this!"

"They probably weren't so particular in those days," grunted Nicky. And a moment later: "I say, Sue, come and have a look. I've found a ring!"

"An emerald one, like the one I found?"

"Ass. Much bigger than that one. Iron. Look here!"

Coming over to have a look at

heave, they managed to tilt the wooden lid right over backwards so that it fell with a dull thud onto the floor.

"I say, Sue," said Nicky in an awed voice. "It's—it's a well!"

They dropped excitedly to their knees, then lay out at full length, trying to pierce the darkness. Nicky reached out and picked up a piece of brick. "Listen hard," he said, and let it fall. To their disappointment there was no splash of water, but instead of that the sound of something like brick on brick or stone. "Oh, blow!" he said. "It must have been filled up." And then, as another idea struck him: "Hang on here, Sue. I'll get my bike."

What Susan saw

"Your bike!" exclaimed Susan. "What on earth —"

He was back in no time at all. "Tell me what you see," he said, and suddenly the well was flooded with light. He had raised his bicycle and tilted it forwards, and was spinning the rear wheel for all he was worth, so that a powerful beam from his dynamo-operated front lamp shone full into the mouth of the well.

"There's — Nicky, there's a —" Susan's voice was raised in uncontrollable excitement.

"A what?" It was Mr. Rowland's voice. Surprised by the noises from the outbuilding, he had wandered across from the house to see what it was all about.

"We—we've found a well!" Nicky shouted above the whirr of his dynamo.

"And—and there's a box in it, with rope round it!" Susan said. "Like a treasure-chest or something!"

Excitement

"Half a mo.," said Mr. Rowland. He vanished, and reappeared with a powerful electric torch. The three of them stood round the lip of the well, and there, in the strong white light, not more than twelve or fifteen feet down, just as Susan had said, there was a bigish wooden chest lying on a bed of brick rubble. It was tied with knotted rope, several coils of which rested on top of the chest, and one end of the rope was hitched to a rusty hook driven into the side of the well only a few inches down.

"Good gracious me!" exclaimed Mr. Rowland. "Who would have thought —"

"Can we get it up?" Nicky asked, dancing from foot to foot in his impatience. He dropped to his knees and took hold of the rope end and pulled hard. The coils uncoiled and the rope came taut, but the chest did not budge. "It must weigh a ton!" he said, panting hard and very red in the face.

"Let's all three heave," suggested Mr. Rowland, and there

was excitement in his voice, which he made no attempt to control.

"And me!" said Mrs. Rowland, who had come in without being noticed.

All four of them heaved, and with their united efforts the chest tilted to one side, slithered across the rubble, and began, ever so slowly, to scrape its way up the brickwork of the side of the well.

"Yo-heave-ho!" yelled Nicky, and with a last mighty pull they got the chest over the side of the well and onto the stone floor. Susan and Nicky and Mrs. Rowland threw themselves on the knots and tugged at them, while Mr. Rowland went for a hammer and cold-chisel.

"Stand by!" he said, thrusting the cold-chisel through the hasp, and hit it a heavy blow with his hammer.

Creaking, the lid came open. And inside, gleaming dully in a shaft of sunlight that pierced a dusty windowpane, was—a silver cup! And beneath it another, and another, and another. And beneath those, a pile of silver dishes, badly tarnished.

Mrs. Rowland was rubbing vigorously at the cup. "There is writing engraved on it," she announced.

"We ought to be able to trace the owners."

"Whose can they be?" Susan asked.

Mr. Rowland shook his head. "The Old Priory has all sorts of strange stories attached to it. According to the records it ceased to be a priory 200 years ago. A hundred years ago much of it was burnt down. It stood empty during the last war —"

"So probably it was used by burglars as a warehouse and hide-out," Nick interrupted. "They buried stolen property here till they could get rid of it. Nobody would think of looking in a disused well in an old, burnt-out priory, would they?"

Tracing the owners

"I expect it is because the silver had its owner's name engraved on it that the burglars never tried to get rid of it," said Mr. Rowland.

"I'm going to start polishing it, to find out who they were," announced Mrs. Rowland. "Oh, I'm so glad there's a chance we may be able to return it."

Susan and Nicky and Mr. Rowland put the rest of the silver back into the chest after loading the chest onto a wheelbarrow, and wheeled the lot across the courtyard to the house. "I must say," said Mr. Rowland, "you **ODD-JOBBERS** have an extraordinary knack of running into excitement, one way and another, don't you?"

"Well," said Nicky modestly, "I'm certainly glad we didn't turn this job down, aren't you, Sue?"

"You bet I am!" said Sue.

*There will be another adventure of **ODD-JOBBERS, LTD.**, in next week's C N*



The three of them peered down the well

it, Susan stubbed her toe, reached down to rub it, and exclaimed: "And here's another. Look!"

They scraped the dust and plaster away, and laid bare a couple of matching iron rings, each big enough to put an arm through and each lying in a saucer-like hollow, held by a stout iron staple.

"Something mysterious here!" said Nicky. "We'll have to investigate."

They scraped further, and eventually found that the two rings were on opposite sides of a circular wooden cover let into the flagstoned floor.

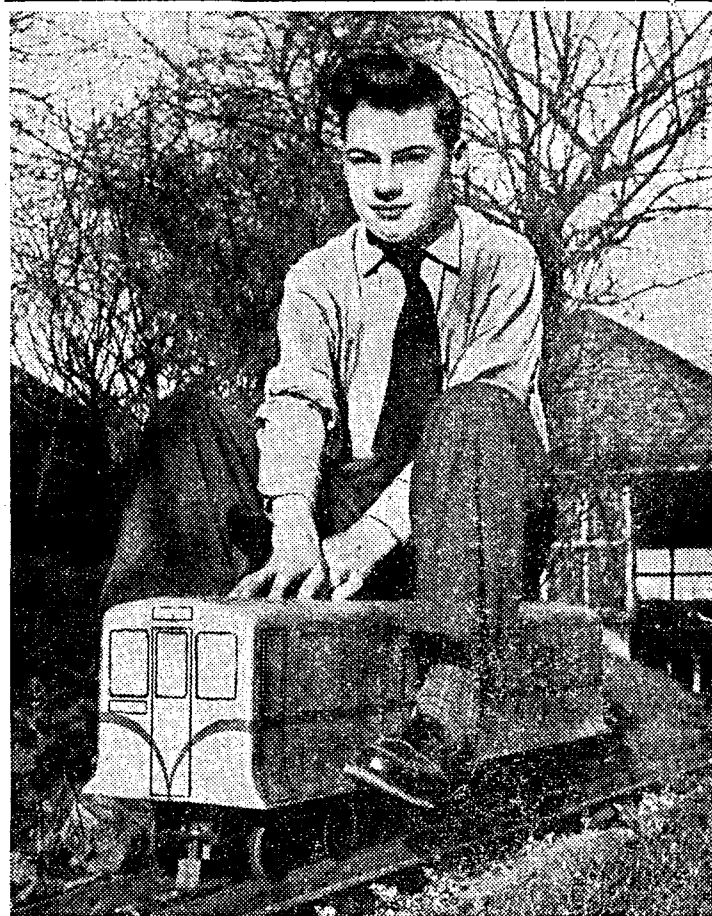
"A trapdoor, I bet you!" exclaimed Nicky. "Hang on!" He dashed over to the heap of scrap iron and returned with a stout length of pipe. "Give us a hand, Sue. We ought to be able to raise it with this, I should think."

The discovery

They thrust the piece of piping through the two rings and began to heave. At first nothing seemed to happen, but after a minute or so there was a creaking sound and, very slowly, the heavy wooden disc began to rise clear of the flagstones surrounding it. It rose three inches, six inches, a foot; then, while Nicky held it, Susan thrust a block of wood into the gap.

"A bit more!" grunted Nicky, heaving away again. "That's the stuff!"

At last, with a tremendous



He built it himself

Clive Gulliver of Pinner County School built this scale model of a London Underground coach out of old refrigerator parts and scrap. It is driven by a quarter-horse-power electric motor and runs on a five-inch gauge track at six miles an hour. Controls are in the roof.

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WEATHER IS ANTHONY'S HOBBY

Anthony Thomas of Oxshott, Surrey, started taking an interest in meteorology through seeing some weather records in his geography book. He has since started a weather station at home, and we think our readers will be interested in his own account of his fascinating hobby.

I FIND (writes Anthony) that a lot of people get up in the morning, notice it is raining, and say: "It's always the same—wet, gales, and cold."

This is not so, of course. The truth is that often when the morning is fine and sunny nobody says a word. They only notice the wet days. In fact, about four days in the week produce some rain in Britain. It may only be one-hundredth of an inch or as much as 1½ inches.

But the meteorologist does not take a gloomy view of every shower or storm. He knows the weather is always changing, and it is this continual change which makes it such an interesting study. It would not be much fun studying the weather in the middle of the Sahara!

Most people are only interested in the weather which is above their heads and do not think of what may be round the corner.

Four years ago I saw in my geography book a little table of weather records. So I thought "I'll copy this down," and that is how I started a hobby I have never given up.

Many daily weather records can be kept, but I decided only to keep three which needed instruments—barometer, rainfall, and temperature records—while making other observations on clouds and wind direction.

I used my father's barometer, bought a maximum-minimum thermometer for about 20 shillings, and made my own rain gauge.

To measure rainfall you collect the rain in some suitable vessel and transfer it by means of a funnel into a measuring gauge. I found that a pound jam-jar was suitable, and soon discovered that a certain test-tube has an area of just one-tenth that of the top of the jar. So that if one-tenth of an inch fell into the jar, it would measure one inch in the test tube. By making a paper scale with divisions of tenths of an inch and sticking it to the test tube, I can measure amounts of rain as little as one-hundredth of an inch.

The temperatures which meteorologists usually record are shade temperatures, so I am careful to hang my thermometer on a north wall.

Keeping records enables me to

compare weather records year by year and so see how one year differs from another. For instance, the year 1955 was two inches wetter than last year, when we had nearly 26 inches of rain. The wettest and driest months were, for 1956, July with 4.2 inches and May



Anthony Thomas

with 0.2 inches; in 1955 they were October (4.56 inches) and April (0.3 inches).

It is also fun to make your own graphs, and I have two. One is for maximum-minimum temperatures, the other for barometer and rainfall readings, and here it is interesting to see how the barometer drops just before the rainfall rises.

Baby giants four inches long

Six of the rarest reptilian babies seen at the London Zoo since pre-war days have just arrived and are now in the special "nursery" in the reptile house laboratory. They are baby giant tortoises.

Found by a fisherman on one of the islands of the Seychelles group and taken to the Governor, they were sent by him to Regent's Park. Four are gifts from him, and the other two are on loan.

"These interesting babies cannot be many months old," an official told me. "They measure only four inches across the shell and weigh only half a pound. If they survive—and we have every hope that they will—they should grow to a length of five or six feet, and will then weigh as much as a quarter of a ton. That is the weight of Marmaduke, our largest tortoise, who is six foot three from back to front, over the shell."

"The babies are, of course, very rare and valuable," the official added. "So we are 'resting' them in the laboratory for the moment. They are feeding on bananas, tomatoes, and lettuce hearts. All being well, we shall put them on exhibition before the summer."

BROKEN RATTLE

The menagerie's largest rattlesnake, a five-foot North American diamond-back, ought to be feeling a little peevish just now. The reason is, he has broken his rattle. How it occurred is not known, but he probably vibrated his tail against one of the rocks that are part of his den "furniture."

"The mishap is not a serious one, and, in any case, the snake

has still a dozen segments left—originally there were several more," said the official. "But the 'rattler,' which has always had the habit of vibrating his tail on the slightest pretext, can still make a lot of noise, and the 'whirr' can still be heard distinctly through the thick plate-glass front by visitors out in the public corridor."

Centre of interest at the bird house just now is the aviary of the oxpeckers, who are expected to nest. "Three of these colourful little African birds—two males and a female—arrived here 18 months ago from Uganda," Mr. John

Yealland, curator of birds, told me. "Until recently they had been living happily together, and spending much of their time running about on the back of the synthetic 'bullock' which we had specially built for them. Lately, however, one male and the female turned against the other male and gave him such a drubbing that we have had to remove him to a reserve cage."

"The incident suggested that the oxpeckers wanted to nest," Mr. Yealland added. "So now we have had a two-foot-deep nest box put in one corner of the aviary. So far, they do not appear to be using the box, but we still have hopes of their doing so. It is believed that the species have never bred in Britain before."

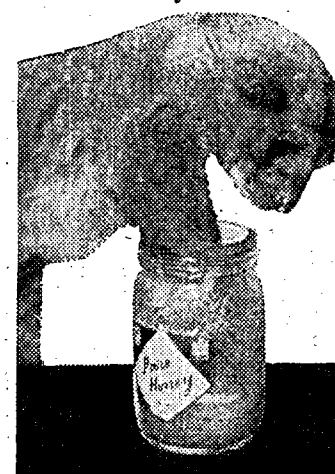
TAMING OF THE GULL

Among the scores of hungry herring gulls now flocking daily into the Zoo Gardens to pick up fishy titbits is one bird which keepers are rapidly taming. It is to be seen at the Three Island Pond, the official waterfowl enclosure. This is an immature bird which has lately become so attached to Keeper Mike Hessey, who services the geese and ducks, that it waits for him regularly each morning on the fence of the enclosure.

When he arrives Mr. Hessey puts a box of shrimps near the fence, whereupon the gull jumps down and helps himself. "He is not quite tame enough yet to take food from the hand, but I think he soon will be," says Mr. Hessey.

Craven Hill

Honey bear



The Kinkajou, of the raccoon family from South America, lives in trees and is very fond of honey. Hence he is often called the Honey Bear. But in the London Zoo he can get what he wants without even climbing a tree.

SPORTS SHORTS

JOHN LANDY, the famous Australian athlete, has decided to retire from first-class competition, mainly because of recurring leg troubles and the demands of his work as a teacher of agricultural science. Landy six times ran the mile in under four minutes, and in June 1954 set up the world record of 3 minutes 58 seconds.

Three to watch

MARIA BUENO, Carlos Fernandez, Alex Olmedo. Make a note of these names, for experts consider that within a short time these three South Americans will be making their mark in international tennis. Sixteen-year-old Maria already plays with the ease and grace of a champion. Carlos is the Brazilian junior champion and is coached by Armando Vieira, who has appeared many times at Wimbledon. Alex Olmedo, born in Peru but now studying in Los Angeles, has been playing the game little more than two years, but not long ago he won the U.S. Hard Courts Championships.

THE 1960 Winter Olympics may seem a long way off to you, but in three months' time construction work for the Games will be started at Squaw Valley, near San Francisco. It is expected that £2,850,000 will be spent on putting up special buildings, bobsleigh and ski runs, an ice stadium, and three ice-rinks.

LATER this year Olympic backstroke swimmer Julie Hoyle will start a three-year course at the Dartford College of Physical Education. Until then she is work-



ing at London's Marshall Street Baths, keeping in training for the season ahead—and looking after her lucky mascot, a red painted wishbone which Julie acquired during her trip to Melbourne.

For luck

NEARLY every soccer team has its mascot or lucky charms, but few sides can have such unusual ones as those sported by Aston Villa the other Saturday. From a supporter in Northern Rhodesia had come a foot-long elephant's hair, and a Surrey fan sent 13 four-penny pieces.

NEWEST name on the list of Australia's brilliant young swimming stars is 14-year-old David Goodwin, of Sydney. A "world-beater" is the experts' opinion on this young man, who has already broken all the New South Wales junior records previously held by triple Olympic champion Murray Rose. We may see David in Britain next year, for it is possible that he will be in Australia's team for the Empire Games at Cardiff.

First on the bank

MANY of Britain's outstanding athletes will be in opposition on Friday evening, when the first-ever indoor athletics meeting on a banked track in this country will be held at Belle Vue, Manchester. This newly-laid track has a circuit of 128 yards, which means that Derek Ibbotson, Brian Hewson, and Ken Wood, who meet in a mile race, will cover nearly 14 laps.

JACK FLAVELL, the Worcestershire C.C.C. fast bowler, is so keen to become one hundred per cent fit for the new season that he is working as an auxiliary postman. Last season he damaged an Achilles tendon, which affected his form, but he hopes that his duties as a postman will help to strengthen the foot in readiness for the opening of the season.

Desborough Medals

To celebrate its 100th anniversary, the Thames Conservancy is reviving the Desborough Medals. First awarded in 1953 to commemorate the Coronation, the medals are presented to the member of each of 70-odd rowing, sailing, punting, and swimming clubs along the upper Thames who has given the most outstanding service to his club during the previous year. No awards were made in 1956, and this year is likely to see the last of them.

LORD DESBOROUGH (1855-1945) was one of the Conservancy's most distinguished chairmen. In 1877 he rowed for Oxford against Cambridge in the only 'Varsity Boat Race' ever to end in a dead heat. After coming down from Oxford, he took an eight across the Channel, and swam twice across Niagara. He was also a fine cricketer, fencer, and athlete.

WHEN Colin Cowdrey takes over the captaincy of the Kent C.C.C. this summer he will use a South African crown piece to toss before matches. The coin was presented to him by the mother of Alan Melville, former South African Test captain and now a selector.

SPORTING GALLERY

BEN FENTON

In the 1947-48 soccer season, Colchester United, then in the Southern League, caused a sensation by advancing to the fifth-round of the F.A. Cup. Their player-manager was Ted Fenton, now in charge of West Ham. Colchester's reward was election to the Football League.

Today, their player-manager is Ben Fenton, Ted's younger brother, and once again Colchester are playing fine football. They have been making a spirited bid for promotion to Division 2.



Ben Fenton is a shrewd judge of a player and a patient searcher for talent. He found centre-half Charlie Milligan after watching no fewer than 60 games and 120 centre-halves.

At 38 Ben is still playing well, but thinks that the present season will be his last on the field.



BEVERLEY WEIGEL, the 16-year-old New Zealand schoolgirl who represented her country at the Olympic Games in Melbourne, has jumped 20 feet 5½ inches to win the national long jump championship at Auckland. (This leap would have gained her second place at the Olympics.)

ROY WARNER is the pride of Kelvedon, Essex. A 17-year-old bricklayer, he has won a National Army Cadet Force boxing title two years running. He has been beaten only once in nine years' boxing.

SATURDAY'S Rugby Union international at Twickenham, between England and Scotland, is one of the most important for years. If England win, they will gain the Calcutta Cup, the "Triple Crown," and the international championship without the loss of a match. The last time England achieved outright triumph in a four-country tournament was in 1928. There have been 71 previous matches between England and Scotland since the first of these games in 1871, and England lead by 34 wins to 27, with 10 games drawn.

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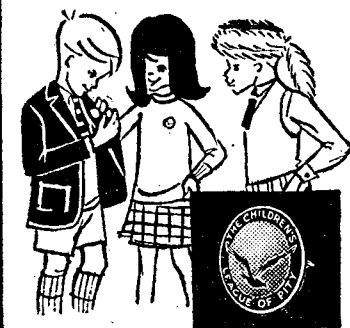
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PLEASE USE BLOCK CAPITALS No. 7

The Dark Blues sit up!

Since 1913 Oxford have won the Boat Race only six times, so this year's President, Roderick Carnegie, from New South Wales, is trying something new on March 30, which will see the 103rd meeting between the two rivals.

A special boat has been designed with American out-rigging, and you may see how this necessitates a more upright style of rowing—the style used so successfully by the Russian eight at the 1955 Henley Royal Regatta.

"There is nothing sensational about this," Roderick Carnegie explained to one of our correspondents, "although everyone is talking as though it were. We are merely adopting a successful method of modern rowing which is more popular on the Continent and in America than here."

Nevertheless, he has come in for a great deal of criticism. Sceptics claim that he should not have made the experiment with this year's Oxford crew. They say that the new style of rowing has yet to be proved.

"Oxford have had plenty of time to get used to the new tactics," said Carnegie. Since the Christmas vacation the Dark Blues have rowed unchanged during their training.

Cambridge, who have sent unofficial "observers" to watch Oxford in practice on the upper stretches of the river, are not worried about their opponents' experiments.

They have won the race so many times in the orthodox fashion, they are confident that tradition will once again pull them through.



HANDICAP RACE

SAID a man to a champion sprinter: "I could beat you if you gave me a yard start and let me name my own course."

"All right," said the other. "What's the course?"

"Up a ladder."

BEDTIME TALE**BOBBY WAS SO DARING**

MOTHER OTTER swam swiftly upstream with a fine fish held in her teeth. As she reached the river bridge the March moon sailed free from the twiggy tree-tops, turning the wet road and the river into shining silver pathways.

Now she could hear her two kits, Bobby and Lucy, calling her from their holt inside the hollow willow near the bridge, and she was glad. For now they were eight weeks old Bobby had become very daring, and she was afraid he



might have gone exploring the tunnel up into the meadow on his own.

She climbed onto the bank now and whistled. The kits scampered out of the holt, Bobby leading, and they had a good feast of fish. Then, as a treat, she took them across the road to the muddy ditch to hunt frogs.

But when they were back in the holt her fears about Bobby returned. For he pointed to a willow root walling their nursery, and said: "I found another tunnel

SPRING HAT

THE black-headed gull, it is said, Has two caps which he wears on his head.

For his mid-winter flight He wears one of pure white, But in spring dons a dark one instead.

behind there. I'm going to explore it now."

"Certainly not," said his mother sharply. "It is not safe to go that way until you are older."

Bobby said nothing. But presently, when she had gone out, thinking they were both asleep, he crept daringly, along this new tunnel.

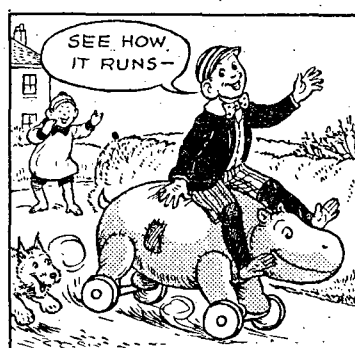
In a minute he saw the moon. "Whatever was Mother fussing about?" he cried. "This leads to the world outside, too." And he

looked up and down the silver pathway running past the tunnel entrance.

He darted out. And in a second—SPLASH! He found what his mother had meant. For this silver pathway was the shining river. He kicked madly with all four legs and squealed: "Mother!"

"Stop crying and keep kicking," she called as she came. "As you decided, you were old enough to use this tunnel, you shall begin swimming lessons now."

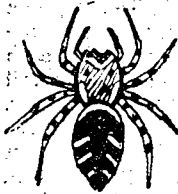
JANE THORNICROFT

JACKO GOES FOR A RIDE—AND RUNS INTO TROUBLE**SPOT THE . . .**

ZEBRA SPIDER, as it pounces with lightning speed on its victim. It gets its name from the alternate bands of tiny brown and white hairs which encircle its body.

The spider is only a quarter of an inch long. Its eyes are placed in three rows: first,

four big eyes; next, two very small eyes; and, finally, two medium-sized ones. For a spider it has very good eyesight, being able to detect light, shadow, and movement at a range of twelve inches. It is able to leap three inches, twelve times its own length.

**OLD FRIEND**

I LIKE my engine and my books, My paintbox and my gun, And with my model aeroplane I have a lot of fun.

I like to sail my little boat When we go to the park, And when it's wet I often play With my small Noah's Ark.

I have some really splendid games With my big rubber ball, But I love my old brown teddy-bear

The very best of all!

NAME THE CITIES

CITY on Seven Hills.
City of Dreaming Spires.
City of Skyscrapers.
City of Bridges.
Granite City.

FOUND IN THE SPRING

MY first is in blossom, and also in spray;
My second's in cowslip, but not in may.
My third is in lambkin, but not in ewe;
My fourth is in rainfall, but not in dew.
My fifth is in twitter, but not in sing;
My whole is a bird which returns in the spring.

FIND THE NAME

The answer to each of these clues is also a girl's name. Can you find them?

SUNG at Christmas.

Part of the eye.
Found in a type of shellfish.
You jump for this.
Precious stone.
Indian coin.

LINK THEM

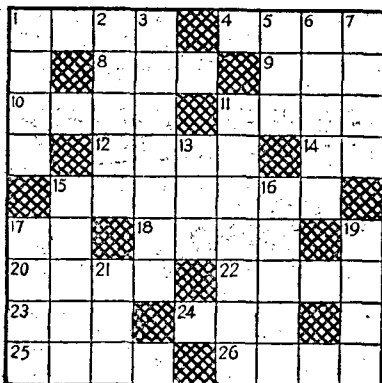
CAN you link a word in the first group with one in the second group to form names of British towns?

Brain, mouth, lip, head, chin, eye.
Hit, maiden, tree, mouth, bourne, hook.

Crossword puzzle

READING ACROSS: 1 Halt. 4 Every one. 8 Strand of rope. 9 Anger. 10 Sword. 11 They man a boat. 12 Back of the neck. 14 Steam ship. 15 Agrees. 17 Upon. 18 Old Irish. 20 Old. 22 Responsibility. 23 Revolution. 24 Craft. 25 Sleigh. 26 Small building.
READING DOWN: 1 Pace. 2 Uncovers. 3 Satisfied. 5 Atmosphere. 6 Mustard and. 7 Cuts. 11 They pass books for publication. 13 Miles—hour. 15 Heavenly messenger. 16 Comes after the ninth. 17 Eleven across might use them. 19 Employed. 21 Evening.

Answer next week

**SUBTRACTION**

SAID the maths master: "When we subtract, we must have things in the same denomination. For instance, we could not take six pears from eight peaches, or eight cats from nine hens."

"But we could take four apples from two trees," came a muffled voice.

TRAVELLER'S TALE

A TRAVELLER on a coach journey was continually rolling up sheets of newspaper and throwing them out of the window. After a time an inquisitive fellow-passenger asked him the reason for it.

"To keep away flying elephants," came the reply.

"But there are none here," said the other, hoping to humour him.

"I know! Quite effective, isn't it?"

TOO LATE!

A FAIRY once granted one wish to Don,

But he couldn't decide what to wish upon.

"Oh, I wish I knew What to ask from you,"

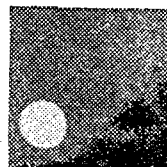
He said. Then he knew, but the chance was gone!

OTHER WORLDS

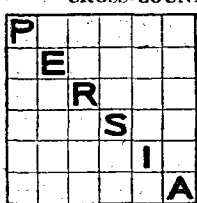
IN the evening Mars is in the south-west and Jupiter is in the south-east. In the morning

Venus is low in the south-east and Saturn is in the south-west. The picture shows the Moon

as it will appear at half-past eight on Thursday evening, March 14.

**IN COMMON**

WHAT have robins, blackbirds, and fieldfares in common?

CROSS-COUNTRY RUN

Can you complete this square by adding, across, the names of six countries?

WHAT MONTH?

ONE letter out of January, The month of ice and snow. And then one out of February, The month when snowdrops grow. And one from cheeky April, The month of sudden showers. And one from merry May, The month of early flowers. Make up a month for holidays, When all enjoy the sun's warm rays.

WHAT AM I?

I have two answers, both of which sound the same, but are spelt differently.

With sea and ships
You will find me.
Or in a door
Perhaps I'll be.

The answers to these puzzles are given in column 5

**But what happens when we stand up?**

Two little visitors to Streatham Ice Rink, London, have their skating boots laced up by Janine Gladden of Brixton, who is six. Of course the real fun will start when they try to stand up.

QUIZ CORNER ANSWERS

- Six. Three are on his will, two on deeds of his house in Blackfriars, and one on a document connected with a law-suit.
- Matthew, popularly called "Captain", Webb, on August 24-25, 1875.
- The Unfinished Symphony. Only two movements were completed.
- A purse which never lacks money. Fortunatus was a fairy tale character originating in Italy.
- Motor Racing, Athletics, Rugby Football, Cricket, Soccer.
- The Viking voyager Leif Ericsson, about the year A.D. 1000.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES

In common. They are all members of the thrush family.
Cross-country run. Poland, Mexico, Norway, Russia, Brazil, Panama.
What month? July.
What am I? Quay, key.
Find the name. Carol, Iris, Pearl, Joy, Ruby, Anna.
Link them up. Braintree, Bournemouth, Liphook, Maidenhead, Hitchin, Eyemouth.
Name the cities. Rome, Oxford, New York, Bruges, Aberdeen.
Found in the spring. Swift.